

HORRORS OF THE GUILLOTINE.

How Criminals Go to Meet Death Under the Knife—It Unnerves the Bravest of Them—Stimulants Are Always Forced Upon Condemned Unfortunates to Brace Them For the Ordeal.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Paris, Aug. 30.—I have just seen a man escape the guillotine. It was ten minutes after the news came to him that the death penalty had been commuted to transportation, and the inmate of joy, peace and satisfaction that, welling up from this criminal's black heart to transfigure his ugly countenance into something almost beautiful, left no doubt in our minds as to the superior terrors of capital punishment. This French murderer was simply delighted to go to the penal settlement of Cayenne for life. He knew hard work and brutal treatment waited for him there. Still he was joyful. He had escaped the guillotine!

It was by accident that we saw him at the moment when the prison barber was clipping his hair and mustache into conformity with the regulation bareness of the other prisoners. We were being shown through the Sante Prison and had come to the hospital-like section of "the old men," where the discipline is not strict. Hoary old villains there pass uneventful days engaged in swapping tales of fraud, thievery and violence. As we stood there a new man was brought in—a young man, attended by two guards, who paid singular attention to him. Then they hastened in the prison governor, attended by the barber, and immediately the whisper went around that this was Salle, the notorious assassin, in whose favor President Loubet had exercised his clemency. The barber started to work expeditiously. We went up our request to the governor for permission to stay a moment longer. Salle, a burly, good-natured slouch-looking assassin, seemed unable to get over the excitement of his reprieve. He talked incessantly, in a half-whisper, boasting of his plans for a new life in a new land.

NEWS OVERCAME HIM.

"When Monsieur le Directeur entered his cell this morning," one of the guards whispered to us, "Salle was playing cards with us, nervous, petulant, without interest. When he saw the Directeur he rose, tottering. 'Salle,' said the latter, 'your sentence is commuted.' At these words the prisoner seemed to be taken ill. His face became congested with blood and his words choked in his throat. He broke into sobs. Then he fainted. He is talkative now, but you ought to have seen him at the first moment. He must have been terribly afraid of the big knife."

The prison guardian, recently transferred from the Grand Rouquette, had been on the death watch of many a condemned criminal. "They are all alike," he told us afterward. "The moment they enter the condemned cell after sentence they are prey to a profound prostration which lasts several days, sometimes a week. Little by little, however, their energy wakens, and the hope of a commutation—which we try to raise in their breasts—begin to dull the effects of the death sentence. It seems that it is particularly the duty of the priest to jolly the unfortunate. 'How does he persuade them they are going to be reprieved?' we asked.

"Oh, he talks about the possibility of the sentence being quashed by the Court of Cassation," was the answer; "cases of the same kind he has known where the culprit got off on a technicality. Then he goes on to the second chance of Presidential clemency, the great proportion of pardons of late years, and the well-known humanity of M. Loubet. But chiefly he takes it for granted that the worst to be expected is transportation for life, and paints a glowing picture of a new career in Cayenne, where one may become an independent farmer in time with good behavior. The miserable fellows are only too willing to

believe him. They hold on to life like a drowning man to a hencoop. DAYS PASS PLEASANTLY.

"Their days often pass agreeably enough while waiting for the commutation," continued the prison guardian, "because they have wine, tobacco, playing cards and two of us constantly with them to amuse them, but their nights are wretched. When sleep comes at last, it is agitated and feverish. Sometimes they stay up late in order to wake up late in the morning. It is impossible. They always wake, with a frightened shock, about daylight, at the hour they imagine the execution ought to take place."

The French plan is to give no notice of the impending execution. Weeks pass and the prisoner is lulled into a false sense of security. "The last one I watched," this guardian told me, "had an accomplice who developed mental eccentricities during the trial. By reason of this my man made a completely false calculation with regard to his own fate. He kept saying that nothing could be decided for three weeks, the time necessary to examine into the mental state of the other. Yet a few days after making this comforting discovery he was taken out one morning to have his head cut off."

Another did his best to persuade the guardian to tell him the moment his appeal for clemency had been rejected. "My friend," said the guardian, "you will learn that only at the last moment, when they announce to you your commutation or your immediate execution."

"But I want to know a few days in advance," said the prisoner, "in order to write some letters."

"Humanity refuses that aggravation of your misery," was the formal answer of the formal-minded Frenchman.

THE FATEFUL MORNING.

When the fateful morning arrives scarcely fifteen minutes elapse between the reception of the news and the falling of the wretch's head. The guillotine already has been erected in the gray dawn. The prisoner may be dozing fitfully. The heavy key turns in the lock, the bolts shoot and the door opens. The prisoner jumps from his couch to see the Directeur standing there in company of the priest, two executioners' assistants and other functionaries.

"Be brave," he says, calling the prisoner by name. "Your appeal has been rejected by the Court of Cassation, and your prayer for commutation has not been granted. The moment for explanation has come. Have courage! Dress yourself!"

The majority are so dazed that they dress and move about mechanically. This guard remembered one frightful case of resistance, however. It was the case of Gaspard and Mayer, two villains who deliberately assassinated a rich old Paris shop-keeper. Mayer's sentence had been commuted, and it was Gaspard alone whom the directeur had to awaken that morning. The first question of Gaspard was: "Is Mayer to die with me?"

"My friend," said the priest, "the minutes are too precious to think of others than yourself."

"But it's infamy!" cried Gaspard. "Mayer is more guilty than I am!"

A horrible scene then took place. Gaspard, knocking one of the guards senseless with a blow straight from the shoulder, threw himself on the Directeur of the prison and succeeded in biting his ear. It took four men to drag him from the cell. They dressed him as best they could in the corridor. The prison doctor having been sent for hastily, was begged to do something to prevent a scandal—for the execution, like all others at that time, was to take place in public. "It did not take him long to give Gaspard a hypodermic," said the guard, telling the story. "Whatever it was, morphine

or hyocine or some other stupefier, it had an almost instant effect on the ruffian.

"He became 'dopey,' and seemed to be stupidly happy, walking in a kind of trance. They clipped his hair and cut his shirt collar. I think the priests protested against drugging him in his last moments, when he ought to be making his peace with God; but how does a hypodermic differ from drugging them with brandy, as they nearly always do?"

This is another French humanity, a real one. It must be admitted, though somehow offending Anglo-Saxon ideas. Why should not the wretch be allowed to work up a kind of "Dutch courage" with unlimited brandy? Because, as the priest argued, in the case of a more obscure drug he ought to have his head clear in the last supreme moment. Well, the French believe in giving brandy, nevertheless. It aids the victim to walk out in good style. I asked this guardian about it and he told me:

"We don't wait for them to ask it. The priest—the condemned man's best friend—keeps him in tobacco and playing cards during the painful waiting between the death sentence and its execution, and it is he who has charge of the bottle in the last moments. The last man I had—the one who was mistaken in his calculations—drank a full goblet of rum while dressing. Then he asked to have a cigarette placed between his lips and lighted. The priest, who had already confessed him, talked to him about his mother and brother, and exhorted him to repentance."

"I have nothing to repent of," he answered, "and I have no pardon to ask of any one on earth. We are square. But," he added, "I would like another goblet of rum if human justice permits it."

"He was already beginning to feel good. During the clipping of his hair and the cutting of his shirt-collar, he drank another goblet of rum. It so buoyed him up, that he walked firmly—almost gaily, you might say—to the guillotine, called out good-bye to his friends in the crowd, took a last puff of his cigarette and gave up the ghost in good style."

REFUSED TO DRINK.

"I remember only one who refused to drink. It was the celebrated Eyraud. The Abbe Faure offered to him a goblet of mixed cognac and chartreuse. 'Take this, my friend,' he said; 'it will give you force.' 'No, thanks,' replied Eyraud; 'I don't want it. It will make me ill.'"

The knowledge that the guillotine is the most merciful of all instruments of death, gives little comfort to the victim. If they have enough alcohol in them, they often stagger stupidly, upheld by the aids, the short distance between the prison and the guillotine, just outside in the public square. When they stand beside it, however, they "come to" with a terrible shock. They nearly always struggle. The aids seize them by main force, stand them up against the swinging-board, tie them to it, and then lower them with the board to a horizontal position, with the head under the big knife. This swinging-board is like a see-saw. Fixed in the middle it stands upright. After the victim is tied to it, stand up, a simple tilt swings it to the horizontal position, so that there is no climbing up and stretching out on a table, as was the case with the early guillotine.

Every one who has seen an execution is certain that the victim never knows what struck him. None of the many experiments made with heads immediately after severance, have succeeded in discovering the slightest sign of consciousness. Victims have agreed to wink their right for yes, their left eye for no, and so on. None has ever winked.

"How could it be otherwise?" remarked my well-informed prison guardian. "I have heard the prison doctor explain it. The shock to the brain given by the falling knife, produces immediate coma. Then, before the brain in the cut-off head could even theoretically recover, it has lost all its blood, so that no mental action can set up again."

The victim being tilted to the horizontal position, finds himself looking through what in low French slang is called "the little window." The neck reposes in a half circle of about its diameter. In a stationary board between the two standards of the guillotine. When the fellow is got into

place another similar board with a corresponding half circle cut in it is slid down between the standards, to form a kind of wooden collar, holding the head firmly.

"THE LITTLE WINDOW."

Looking down, the victim sees the wooden box with a kind of dash-board at the front that is to receive his head and the spurting blood. Regularly there is a great deal of blood. It spurts out rhythmically, as if being pumped. The Abbe Faure, in his book, however, mentions two cases in which there was none. Of the notorious Prado he says, categorically: "Not one spurt of blood!" Of the assassin Mathelin he says: "Not a drop of blood came out of the body!"—adding, as if in explanation, "Phthisis had paralyzed him some time before." The Abbe Faure, it is true, was no physiologist, and his book contains little beyond its valuable moral reflections; yet he could hardly have made a mistake of observation in so obvious a matter.

The great diagonal blade, heavily weighted with lead, has a drop of fifteen feet. It slices off the head like a piece of paper with scissors. There are a few convulsive movements of the body—"purely reflex," the doctors say—and the victim is as dead as Julius Caesar, one is assured without a twing of pain.

In smaller places, when there is an execution, dramatic scenes often take place. What happened at Oran, in Algeria, the other day, is being used by the enemies of public executions as an argument against their morality. There had been a feud between a rich native family and the family of some French colonists. One of the Moors assassinated one of the whites. At the moment his head fell under the guillotine the murdered man's brother led his little nine-year-old son close to the fallen dead, and, pointing to it, said: "Look well on the head of your enemy. You are avenged."

One of the latest victims of the guillotine in Paris, the young wretch Peulenz, made a scandalous sensation by crying out to his brother criminals in the crowd his last supreme advice, the fruits of his too lately-acquired wisdom: "Never make a confession." The police had entrapped him into making a confession, otherwise he might easily have been acquitted. Indeed, there are so many arguments against public executions that it is probably the last to be seen in Paris. A project of law is now before the Chamber of Deputies to make executions private. With its passing the terrible, century-long, scandalous spectacle of the death machine in France will end.

LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

ESCAPE OF WIFE OF MURDERED MAN FROM JAIL.

(By Telegraph to Virginian-Pilot.)

Wrightsville, Ga., Sept. 21.—Jerry Walden, a young white man, was this morning convicted of the murder of George Dixon and sentenced to life imprisonment. Mrs. Dixon, wife of the deceased and friend of Walden, who was to have been put on trial to-day as a principal in the same crime, made a sensational escape from custody between midnight and daylight this morning. She was in the personal charge of Sheriff Rowland, who locked her in a room on the top floor of the court-house. There was only one key to the door of the room and that key was in the sheriff's pocket. Upon locking her in, shortly before midnight the sheriff sat down in a chair in front of the door. He fell asleep, according to his story, and when he awakened the woman was gone; but the key was still in his pocket. The matter was reported to the court, the judge ordered the grand jury to make a rigid investigation of the escape. A man named Hilson, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Dixon, is known to have been about the top floor of the court-house during the night. Mrs. Dixon was captured at the home of her brother-in-law and returned to jail. Her trial will come up to-morrow.

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Try for Health.

Tathan, McDuffie Co., Ga., May 1, 1900.

I was reading your advertisement in the Ladies' Birthday Almanac and saw the wonderful Wine of Cardui prescribed. My health has been so bad for the past two or three years that I decided to try your Wine of Cardui. The first bottle gave me relief and now I am taking another bottle. A friend of mine was so helpless that I recommended it to her, and she is also using it and says it is doing her a world of good. I shall recommend Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught in this settlement, as they are wonderful medicines.

MARY A. MOORE.

WINE OF CARDUI

You may be as well as Mary Moore. A million women have found relief in Wine of Cardui. It is a fact that ninety women out of a hundred are sick because they never sincerely try to be well. There never was a case of disordered menstruation, leucorrhea or falling of the womb Wine of Cardui would not benefit and few it would not cure. Do you not think it wise to rid yourself of those terrible aches in the head, back, arms, legs and abdomen? Why do you not try to be free from menstrual suffering, from the continual agony of bearing down pains; from the languid suffering of leucorrhea? Wine of Cardui builds up and regenerates the diseased organs and gives them strength and tone. If you are sick, and discouraged in the fight for health, try Wine of Cardui. It will bring you a quick cure. A \$1.00 bottle which you can buy from your druggist means just so much relief—a healthier and stronger body—less discomfort at the menstrual period. You do not have to spend long months "doctoring." Wine of Cardui starts a cure at once. We ask you to try for health before you give it up! You can be well!

In cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

BERKLEY NEWS AND ADVERTISEMENTS

CHARTER GRANTED.

New Real Estate Company to Do Business Here.

New Steam Laundry Almost Ready to Begin Work Proposed Telegraph Office Still a Possibility Big Coal Business—Small Items of Interest.

Judge Prentiss, of the County Circuit Court, through application of Attorney Geo. G. Martin, granted a charter incorporating the Real Estate and Rental Company of Berkeley. The capital stock is to be \$10,000 and the company is allowed to own and control 10,000 acres of land at a time. The company proposes to do a real estate, rental, insurance and auctioneer business. The officers are: Messrs. A. H. Martin, president; Geo. T. Tilley, secretary; C. L. Old, treasurer; Geo. G. Martin, R. S. Marshall and the above officers, form the Board of Directors.

STEAM LAUNDRY. The steam laundry is nearly ready to begin work. It has been bought and re-equipped by Mr. R. W. Brooks and will begin work some day next week. The repairs are extensive. New machinery, all of the most modern type, has been put in so that the laundry is practically new. There are special machines for collars and cuffs, for shirts and for all classes of laundry. The name is the Berkeley Steam Laundry and the location is on Chestnut street, south of Berkeley avenue. This will be a home laundry, having a home collection and delivery.

NEW TELEGRAPH OFFICE. Mr. J. Marvin Roberts, of Norfolk, who recently purchased the stock of cigars and tobacco in the Todd block, is negotiating with the Western Union Telegraph Company looking to the establishment of a telegraph office in the Todd block on Berkeley avenue, near the postoffice. The place is a central location and the town wants telegraphic communications with the world and will offer every inducement for the establishment of the office. Mr. Roberts has had four years' experience as an operator, and was very successful until he was forced to give the business up on account of his health. Should he be successful in establishing such an office he will receive a good patronage, as there is no competing line in the town.

BIG COAL BUSINESS. The coal business in Berkeley among the local dealers has been greatly stimulated by the news of the advance in prices in New York. Some of the local dealers are receiving a rush of orders, which they say can not be attributed to anything else but the prospective advance in prices. The prices are still remaining at \$5.50, but just how long this will prevail is very uncertain from present indications.

HEARD IN PASSING. The members of the Chestnut Street M. E. Church choir have begun practicing music for the dedication service of the new M. E. Church, which will be completed soon. An order was placed yesterday for the carpets. It was learned yesterday that the Tunis and Greenleaf Johnson sawmills that have been closed down during the summer months will resume operations Monday with full forces.

It was rumored yesterday that there was a movement among the wood dealers of the town to form what might be called a trust. Nothing could be learned to verify the report, as every wood dealer asked knew nothing of it.

Mrs. James E. Ward, of Pocomoke City, Md., is the guest of her brother, Mr. C. B. White, in Cedar Grove.

Judge Parker and wife, who have been spending the summer at Christiansburg, returned last evening.

Mrs. W. L. Berkeley and children returned from Camden, N. C., yesterday, accompanied by her sister, Miss Kattie

Ferrebee, who will spend several days here.

Mrs. M. C. Keeling returned from Richmond yesterday, where she had been spending two weeks.

Mr. Frank Rudd, who came from New York a few days ago to spend some time with his people here, returned Thursday, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. W. S. Rudd, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Chas. Rudd, who will spend several weeks in the metropolis.

Master George Cuthrell is quite sick at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cuthrell, on Berkeley avenue.

Now is the time to secure fall shoes while Mr. H. L. West, our popular shoe dealer, has a brand new and well selected stock—the largest that he has ever offered in the town. He has reduced the prices on his entire stock. See ad.

CHURCH NOTES.

Berkley Avenue Baptist Church, T. Cloggett Skinner, pastor—Divine worship at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., conducted by the pastor. Morning subject, "Great in the Sight of God;" evening, "The Church and Her Critics." Bible school at 9:30 a. m. B. Y. P. U. Friday at 8 p. m., led by Mr. Ernest West. Armstrong Memorial Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. A. Slaymaker, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Midweek service at 8 p. m.

MR. BRYAN'S CANVASS.

OF HIS OLD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

(By Telegraph to Virginian-Pilot.)

Weeping Water, Neb., Sept. 21.—William Jennings Bryan to-day conducted a canvass of his old Congressional district. He left Lincoln at 9 o'clock. At Elmwood he took a carriage and drove twenty miles across the country to Syracuse, in Otsego county. He spoke to a large assemblage of people there, and when he concluded he made another twenty mile drive to Weeping Water. He spoke here to-night to a large and attentive audience. The speech was addressed mainly to Republicans and was an appeal to them to consider the new questions presented in the campaign without regard to party affiliations or prejudice. He paid especial attention to the increase of the army and the Philippine question.

Alabama's Governor Goes Home. (By Telegraph to Virginian-Pilot)

Concord, N. H., Sept. 21.—Governor Johnston, of Alabama, and his party, who have been the guests of the State of New Hampshire for the past five days, left here to-night on a special train for their homes. The party were tendered a banquet at the Eagle Hotel this afternoon, at which brief speeches were made by Governor Johnston, Governor Rollins and others.

BERKLEY ADVTS.

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SATURDAY AND MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, and 24.
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SATURDAY AND MONDAY ONLY—With every Boys' Suit from \$2.50 up, we give one of our New Fall Caps. Opening of our Fall Clothing at the Eagle Hotel, a yard, immense stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing at Popular Prices. 5c20-3c



SKETCHED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

DISPOSING OF THE DEAD IN GALVESTON.

These pictures, which are taken from the first photographs received from Galveston, show two of the methods used in disposing of the thousands of dead. The bodies were burned or taken out to sea or buried where they were found.